

OUR DUMB Animals

Vol. 94 No. 1 - 12



"Water, Your Majesty?"

- Photo, A. Devaney, Inc., N.Y.

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Per
Vol. 94



Muriel Alvord Ward

Mrs. Ward at the Sanctuary that bears her name.

AMERICAN women have always been sympathetic toward the lot of the unfortunate, and the humane movement has been most fortunate in having in its midst many illustrious women who took their places alongside of men and soon occupied important positions in humane work. It is safe to say that were the support of the women of America suddenly withdrawn, the large majority of humane organizations would cease to exist.

Such a woman was Mrs. Muriel Alvord Ward who recently passed away. She belonged to that group of splendid women like Caroline Earle White, Anna Harris Smith, Mary Mitchell and many, many others who, through trials and tribulations, carried on the fight for kindness, justice and mercy for all living creatures. Mrs. Ward was prominently identified with humane work in Connecticut, and in the nation. She gave generously of herself and of her funds, and possessed the courage of her convictions.

As an artist of great prominence and a Fellow of the International Institute of Arts and Letters, she had the rare ability to instill courage and confidence in others with such beautiful sensitivity seldom encountered. There is not sufficient space in this magazine to list all of her kind acts and deeds.

She was a true humanitarian who will be sorely missed by all who knew and loved her, but her great work will be continued through the Alvord Wildlife Sanctuary and the Mary Mitchell Humane Fund, as well as through the Massachusetts S.P.C.A. and The American Humane Education Society. Last but not least, the unfortunate animals in Fez, Morocco, through the American Fondouk, also benefited from her generosity.

May her shining example of kindness serve as a beacon for all who labor in behalf of animals.

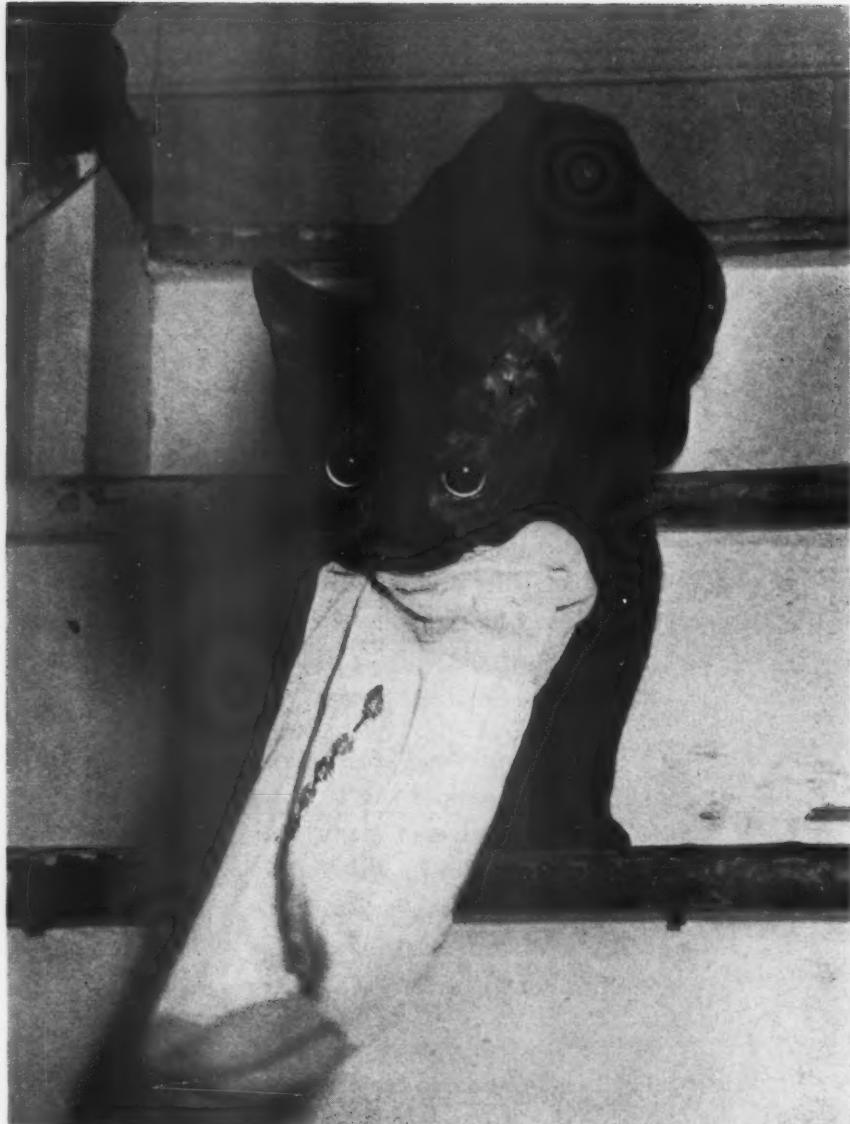
E. H. H.

Sparkie J.— Pure Pussy Cat?

SPARKIE J. (for Johnston) is an all black cat. At least he appears so for all intents and purposes though honesty, forces us to admit that by searching diligently under his chin you can find five white hairs. He looks like a pussy cat and he purrs like a pussy cat but from there on the resemblance seems to end.

He acts somewhat like a dog, being very fond of the ones in the neighborhood, which he welcomes into our home with out-stretched-paws, but let another cat so much as set foot on his property and every hair stands on end as he prepares to chase and do battle. He loves to play ball and each evening when the dishes are done, he flies to the desk drawer where he knows his ping-pong ball is kept. He carries the ball in his mouth and, if not watched closely, will cache it carefully in a hidden spot where he can retrieve it to play again, preferably from his point of view, at 4:00 in the morning. This performance sets off a chain reaction as rugs are wrinkled, furniture is knocked askew and the coffee table tips dangerously causing the bowl of guppies to rock madly. At the guppies he has never given a second glance and he only eyed the gold fish for two days and then dismissed all fish from his mind.

There is a bit of small child in him in



Surely, some of Sparkie J.'s ancestors were pack rats!

By AGNES P. ROBINSON

that he will get all his toys from the bag that hangs on his chair, spread them all over the floor and then see what you have that looks like a more inviting plaything.

Surely, some ancestor must have been a pack rat as he will take anything that isn't nailed down, including jewelry, pencils, erasers and every shade pull in the house.

He never walks across the floor when he can travel by leaping from chair, to desk, to TV, to table—taking the china closet and mantle piece in his stride though it may be the long way around—which

leads us to believe he may have some mountain goat in him.

Sparkie thinks we are pussy cats and he butts his little head into our faces, purring like mad and offering to wash our head and our ears with his rough little tongue.

But in the morning we think he is human, for at the ring of the alarm clock he curls into a tighter little ball and is most reluctant to open his eyes. Of course, we love him dearly or why else would we put up with his taking his half of the bed out of the middle?

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

DURING the holiday season I reminisce about the goodies and the sweets that were made and sold. In the bakeries there were always plenty of cinnamon bears lined up on the cookie counter just waiting to tempt the palate of some little pig-tailed girls and ear-muffed boys, who frequented the stores with their mothers. "Chain of thought" then comes into play and my mind wanders to a scene of big bears in the mountain wonderland of the Canadian Rockies. The bear that supplies the most entertainment is the Black Bear. It is he, who ventures out to the highways and even wanders near the cabins around the hotel park. Of course, he is looking for food.

However, visitors are warned "Don't Feed the Bears". The true statements given by rangers to all people with whom they came in contact are: Bears are never tame! And, there is no such thing as a tame bear! They will probably let you alone if you keep out of their way, but never trust a bear!

On one occasion the visitors to one of the state parks in the Rocky Mountain Region were fascinated by a mother and her three little cubs. It was unusual that a mother would bring her babies so close to people, but how she watched them! No

one ever stepped between her and her cubs.

At seeing these soft balls of fur your first impulse is to pick one up, but the forbidding look of the mother bear said, "Don't you dare!"

Mother bears, after they have come down from tree branches, where they have safely placed their cubs, away from inquisitive visitors, climb down to hunt for food. This happens often and the cubs mind her and never stir until she returns to them with the scraps of food.

When mother bear returns she stands at the foot of the tree, and looks around to be sure it is safe for her cubs to come down.

One morning a mother bear walked along with her tiny cubs following her, they passed the steps leading to the porch of a cottage, one cub went up the steps, the other babies followed.

At that moment mother bear was sniffing the air, probably smelling honey or good food, but she turned quickly, and not seeing her babies following her ran back and saw them on the steps. Evidently she ordered them down, and as each one came she lifted her paw and gave each a good spank on his furry little end. This was the only time the visitors saw the bears not minding their mother.

Fortunately, only the cinnamon and black bear come out of the dense forest—the rough grizzly bear, though abundant in the Canadian Rockies, stays far back in the wilder country.

Sometimes golfers, on the golf course at Jasper, which edges the deep forest are amazed to see a bear emerge from the forest and capture a golf ball that has gone out of bounds. To the always hungry bear, it's probably a bit of food being thrown out for him.

Though bears are very entertaining to watch we should remember that they are still wild in their nature. Never offer a morsel of food from the hand, the bear doesn't distinguish the difference between the morsel and your hand. If a bear approaches you when walking along turn to the right or left. It is probably a mother bear, and you are walking somewhere between her and her babies, and she is suspicious of you and ready to harm you if you get closer.

Watch bears from a safe distance but never be off guard in their presence.



Black Bear hides her young.



Cinnamon Bear gives us a look.

Look— Don't Touch!

By
HELEN CARSON SHOEMAKE

Never Trust A Bear!



Affairs of State

By

MARY ALICE YOUNG

PRESIDENTS have come from under an avalanche of Affairs of State to the aid of our little feathered friends. Few people are aware of the facts behind the ratification of the In-

ternational Migratory Bird Treaty for the protection of migratory birds in the United States and Canada.

The morning of August 16th was hot and dry. The summer had been an especially hot one. The birds, parched with thirst had been calling for rain. As they hopped across the burning grasses, they gratefully drank the cooling waters from the font placed there for their comfort by the occupants of the White House. A man stood on the steps tossing crumbs to his feathered friends.

"You are needed, sir! Sessions are about to begin", and the young page boy from Massachusetts paved the way for President Woodrow Wilson. The year was 1916—a few minutes later, our war-time President had signed the treaty.

The scene is the Indian river, Pelican Island near Sebastian, Florida. On March 14, 1903, a national Bird Reservation was established by Executive Order of our never to be forgotten rough-rider President, the one and only Teddy Roosevelt.

Literature points up the humanitarian spirit of many of our past presidents. Young Abe Lincoln found a sparrow with a broken wing, he mended it, nursed the bird for weeks and then gave it its freedom. The little sparrow returned two years to the Lincoln homestead.

There are many such accounts and recordings of note. As for instance, in the words of President Rutherford B. Hayes, "I would not think of eating my own bread until I shared some of it with God's little creatures who came begging at my door." It is said that President Hayes, our nineteenth President fed all the birds for miles around in his Delaware, Ohio yard.

Do your own affairs allow you the time to remember the birds at your own doors?

Pres. Theodore Roosevelt established a Pelican Reservation.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

It is with deep regret that we are forced to announce, because of increased publication costs, that beginning January 1, 1931, the general subscription rate to *Our Dumb Animals* will continue to be \$2.00 per year. Single copies—20c each.

A sliding scale of prices for bulk orders will be, as follows and apply only when the number of subscriptions indicated are sent in at the same time:

1 — 4 subscriptions	— \$2.00 each
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100 subscriptions and over	— \$.75 each

We have always, and will in the future, sustain heavy losses in the publication of this magazine—a loss which we have gladly underwritten with the firm belief that our readers have come to a better understanding of our work and the relationship existing between human beings and those lesser creatures of the animal kingdom.

There is a limit, however, to how much of a loss we can assume and we have now come to the end of that limit. We ask our subscribers' indulgence and understanding and their future continuance as readers of our magazine.



NOTHING is the same since "Mr. Blue", our springer spaniel, came to live with us. Gone are the days when I could look under the bed and find nothing more hair-raising than an accumulation of dust. No more can I stir through my work-basket knowing that the worst that can happen is a pin-pricked finger. Formerly, dark corners were merely dark corners. Now they are lairs for strange creatures that blink at me with large red eyes or small beady eyes and growl or hiss, depending on their vocal equipment.

I blame nature for this disconcerting state of affairs, for surely her mind was not on her business when she conceived *Mr. Blue*. Physically he's a male, but instinctively and temperamentally he's a lady spaniel with "an old woman who lived in a shoe" complex.

Our first intimation of his maternal leaning came one winter evening when we brought a dozen puny chicks into the house to keep warm. No sooner had we set the box down than Mr. Blue took over the job of nursemaid. Each chick was tenderly lifted from the box, washed and put on the couch to dry.

A week later, we caught him red-handed catnapping our neighbor's week-old kittens. We restored them to their hysterical mother only to find them mewing plaintively under our bed the following night. Again and again we returned the blind innocents, until "Miss Cellany", the kittens' mother, ran out of patience and hid her offspring under the house.

The next object of his affection was a baby cotton-tail, which we found under a pillow on the davenport. The poor creature was frightened out of his wits and nearly smothered. Since we couldn't make Mr. Blue understand that a davenport was no place for a rabbit, we put it in a box where he could moon over it until such time as it could be turned loose without danger of being caught and brought back.

Pups are his delight. I think he has an understanding with the lady dogs in the neighborhood regarding a disposal of their excess progeny. I can just hear him say in that smooth way of his, "My dear Mrs. Blackston of Rainbow, the Third, you simply must let little Starlight come to me for the summer. A man's influence, you know."

Judging by the number of puppies we find at our kitchen door, all the Mrs. Blackstones for miles around are more than willing to let Mr. Blue undertake the upbringing of their little Starlights.

His latest child by adoption was a baby opossum, which he cradled in a work basket. Imagine picking up what you had every right to believe was a rolled stocking, only to find it had teeth, balled fists and a disrespectful way of hissing at you!

Fortunately, the opossum proved to be a problem child, that alternately hissed and played dead. Soon Mr. Blue lost interest in its strange behavior and we were able to take it away.

We're hoping the opossum episode has cooled his ardor for motherhood. Time will tell. In the meantime, we can only trust that if he goes kidnapping again, he sticks to furry things. I'm afraid I'd lose patience if I were to find a baby rattler curled up on my footstool.

By popular demand we present . . .

"The Best of Mr. Blue"

Mr. Blue's Children

By INA LOUEZ MORRIS

Mr. Blue is a gentleman, but he has a disconcerting mother instinct that baffles his family and keeps them guessing constantly.





Dramatic rescue of a young Moose

1. Pulp sticks are used to make channel.
2. Young Moose treads through channel.
3. Safety at last!
4. Off to greener pastures.



Nature's Trap

By Francis Dickie

TWAS an ideal winter's day in the wilderness of an Ontario forest. A young, hungry moose was hastening along the level shore of the ice-covered Sturgeon river. She stopped and sighted the burned over land on the opposite side which appeared to offer an exceptional feeding ground. Since the ice seemed safe enough out she trotted on to the ice, intent on satisfying her hunger, disregarding the possibility of danger.

Crrr... unch . . . Splash! Trapped in what seemed to be a freezing, watery grave our heroine could neither forge ahead nor turn back . . . doomed by the solid ice that surrounded her.

As if in answer to a moose's prayer, out of the burned over timbers that stood like sentinels of death appeared two men, who later proved to be D. A. Skeates, Re-forestation Supervisor and George Marek, Forest Ranger. Without a minute's delay

they set about the arduous task of smashing a channel to the shallows offshore. Luckily, the ice supported them during their efforts to rescue the trapped moose. Slowly, but surely, by using the pulp sticks that were strewn along the shore, the rescuers broke a channel . . . inch by inch . . . clothes soaked . . . hands freezing . . . they continued their excruciating efforts.

The moose began to realize that these two men were her saviors and she treaded forward in unison with them as they cleared a path for her through the ice. Upon reaching shallow water, the helping hands of the foresters aided the half-frozen animal to stagger to safety.

It took a while before the moose had thawed out enough to attempt a few stiff-legged steps. Then all of a sudden without warning she gave a low cow call and hurried off into the good pasture that had nearly cost her her life.

BOOK REVIEW

BENT'S LIFE HISTORIES OF NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS, VOLUME I, WATER BIRDS, Edited by Henry Hill Collins, Jr., Harper and Brothers, Publishers, New York, 356 xxxvii pages, \$5.95.

AMONG the most famous works on birds are the twenty volumes, *LIFE HISTORIES OF NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS* by Arthur Cleveland Bent. Unfortunately many of the volumes are now out of print or too costly for the average person to purchase.

Mr. Collins and Harper Brothers have brought within the budget of all an abridgment of Bent's *LIFE HISTORIES*. The former of two volumes, *WATER BIRDS* and *LAND BIRDS* is being reviewed here. Technical data, such as plumages, field marks and eggs are largely omitted, because field guides contain that information. The book is essentially a reference work. Bent's style and coverage have not been condensed, as entire excerpts are used. His observations and those of his contributors reflect not only the life histories of birds and their attributes, but also attitudes of the times in which they were written. Each individual life history is dated. Footnotes by the Editor supplement the text with up to date information. Those who are familiar with Bent's original works know of his vigorous style and penchant for accuracy. It is difficult to look up one bird in particular and not continue reading on about others, so well has the editor preserved the flavor of the original works. D.A.R.

42nd Annual

School Poster Contest

Write for information:

**The American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Ave.
Boston 15, Massachusetts**



An appetizer just before the supper line-up for . . .

“Snitch”

By C. MEACHAM

ONE never tells on his fellow inmates—one never “snitches”. However, there is someone at Camp Waterloo who snitches on all of us — yet everyone in the whole camp loves him. His name, believe it or not, is *Snitch*.

A six year old mongrel — sort of on the Airedale side, Snitch has been “serving” all his years on the camp grounds. The many acres of trees and hills and valleys that abound the camp have been his playground and home these many years. His keen sense of smell and sight can spot an inmate who has trespassed beyond the camp limits (there are no walls or fences around the camp), and thus he stalks, and barks the lad into returning to the “home” grounds. Whether the lad is doing anything wrong or not, this makes no difference to Snitch. He just doesn’t take chances.

His shaggy brown coat, his piercing brown eyes testify to his well-being and to an ample diet, for his daily rations are

by far beyond those of the men over whom he watches. He gets the scraps from the meals of almost 170 men—and these men are very careful not to strip the bones too clean before passing them on to Snitch. A hose and a lot of soap—and four inmates to help—combine to keep our mascot well groomed once a week. A proud but humble animal, he struts and shakes about when his bath is finished.

The fields and woods abound with his playmates. One can observe him with wagging tail and ears on end, scampering to a gopher hole, or chasing a chipmunk, or a cottontail—yes, even a scurry with a skunk.

Do not think for one minute that Snitch doesn’t earn his pay of a few choice morsels, a warm and comfortable place to sleep, and the affectionate demonstrations of over a hundred masters. All this, he deserves and more. His first chore of the day is to get the men up and into the shower room. Should the “all up and out!”

voice of the Sergeant fail, Snitch’s barking will most certainly arouse the most ardent sleeper. No one is tardy for the breakfast line with Snitch on the job. And when the lights go out at 10 at night, our Snitch patrols the barracks, and remains “on guard” until all is quiet; but should one or more of the men seem unreasonably loud in their “after lights out” conversation, Snitch, in his inimitable way, will growl a bit, parade back and forth, and finally the men acquiesce to his demands.

Although Snitch is sometimes the men’s nemesis, the inmates show their love and affection for him in many other ways. If he is sick he gets the care and attention almost that you or I would expect. Snitch suffered a broken leg not too long ago. It was necessary to call for the assistance of a veterinarian. And the good doctor had to be paid. It didn’t take the men in the camp more than a few minutes to raise the necessary fee for the doctor’s trip and attention—and this was done on the meager earnings of the inmate whose pay is but 25c per day. Snitch got well—and today he hunts and runs and scrambles with all the other creatures of our woodlands.

You can be sure that nothing goes on in the camp life of the inmates that Snitch doesn’t know about. Inquisitive as his heritage makes him, he seems to sense when events must challenge his presence. Glad are the men in camp who realize that Snitch cannot speak. It is more than likely that some of the capering, and roaming instincts of a carefree inmate might be “snitched on” and that might well lead to a bit of embarrassment to the inmate or perhaps even to a bit of disciplinary action for such antics. But, Snitch just doesn’t “talk”.

Combed and curried on visitors day.





The Jumping Mouse has yellow-brown fur, and an extra-long thin tail.

SUPPOSE someone asked you to name the champion jumper of the animal world, what would you say?

"Frogs jump, and so do grasshoppers," you might reply.

It is true, these two creatures are great jumpers, but a frog is an amphibian, and a grasshopper is an insect. Today we will consider fur-covered animals who jump or hop along on their powerful hind legs, instead of racing about on all fours.

The Kangaroo of Australia is perhaps the best-known jumper. The Great Grey Kangaroo measures from 7 to 8 feet in height, and often weighs more than 200 pounds. It seems strange that such a big, heavy animal should travel about over the ground in leaps of 10 to 15 feet. When he really feels like traveling he can leap twice that distance. His heavy tail balances him as he shoots through the air.

Smaller Kangaroos do not leap quite so far. However, some have

been known to leap 3 or 4 times their own length at one bound.

Even Mother Kangaroo, with Junior in her pocket, covers the ground at a great rate.

The lively Kangaroo Rat hops along on his strong hind legs, like a big kangaroo. When leaping, he holds his little hands up close to his chest and stretches out his long tufted tail, to preserve his balance.

Kangaroo Rats live in underground homes in our Southwestern deserts. At night, when they venture forth in search of food, their large black eyes shine red in the darkness.

There are several kinds of Kangaroo Rats. The largest measures about 12 to 15 inches from nose to tip of tail. His body is 6 or 7 inches in height, and his usual jump equals 6 inches. But when he is chased by a coyote, or some other enemy, Mr. Rat leaps 18 to 24 inches, or about three times the length of his body.

If the enemy gets too close, Mr. Rat zigzags with each jump. This



Champion

by J. Dyer

Reproduced through the courtesy of



Jumping Hare of South Africa

bothers the enemy, for he cannot zigzag! As soon as possible the rat darts into some temporary underground hole that he has dug for the purpose. Here he waits out of sight until the enemy has gone on his way.

Then Mr. Rat peeks cautiously out. If no more enemies are near, he will dart out and search for seeds, many of which he may carry back to his underground store-room in his outside fur-lined cheek-pockets.

The Gerbilles of India, and the Jerboas found in the deserts of Egypt and Northern Africa, are similar jumping rodents. One tribe of Jerboas possesses much bigger ears and a longer tuft at the end of the tail than our Kangaroo Rats. These Jerboas are pretty, lively little creatures, clothed in buff fur coats with white chests and feet.

Champion Jumpers

by Dyer Kuenstler

courtesy of *American Childhood* and the author

South Africa is the home of the odd-looking Jumping Hare. This fur-covered animal appears to have been given a rabbit's head, the powerful hind legs of a kangaroo, and a squirrel's long fluffy tail.

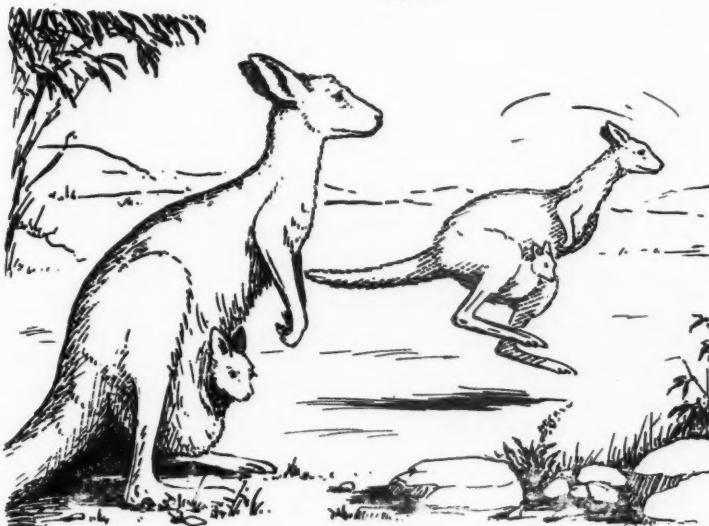
Mr. Jumping Hare leaps very swiftly over the ground. The swiftest dog would have a hard time catching up with him, for Mr. Hare zigzags to the right and left when pursued by an enemy. Sometimes he will leap backwards, right over his pursuer, and dash off in the opposite direction.

Dainty little Jumping Mice are

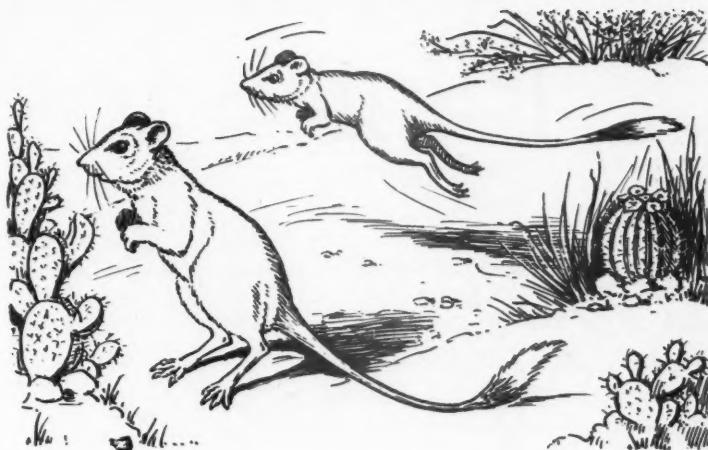
found in Canada and Alaska, and also in many parts of the United States. They are often seen as far south as New Mexico and North Carolina.

Mrs. Woodland Jumping Mouse likes to make her home near water. So, hunt for her among the tall weeds or grasses that grow by some woodland stream.

Mrs. Grassland Jumping Mouse possesses a blackish tip to her long thin tail. She prefers to live in meadows among tall weeds or thickets. Occasionally, she makes her home on sage-brush flats.



Junior gets a ride.



The Kangaroo Rat's tail helps to preserve his balance when jumping.

This clever little mouse frequently uses her jumping ability to save time and labor. If she wishes to eat seeds that grow at the top of certain weeds or grasses, she does not climb up the long stem. She simply jumps to the top with one bound.

At other times when the ground is rough and full of stones and fallen branches Mrs. Mouse finds it quicker to jump over the obstacles than to race around them.

The average Jumping Mouse weighs a little less than one ounce, but when necessary it can jump from 7 to 10 feet at one leap. Without its long thin tail it could not keep its balance when it jumps. The mouse usually jumps two or three short jumps and then "freezes!" Her yellow-brown fur is practically the same color as her surroundings, and as long as she remains still an enemy would not notice her.

Now, when you have done a little figuring, you will probably decide that the Jumping Mouse is the Champion Jumper of the animals. When scared, she may jump more than 43 times the length of her tiny body.

When it comes to music, horses have just —

Plain Horse Sense

By ALVIN C. WHITE

THAT the horse has "an ear for music" is well known. In Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" is to be found the result of the bard's observation:

*For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and
neighing loud,*

*(Which is the hot condition of their
blood),*

*If they but hear perchance a trumpet
sound,*

*Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual
stand,*

*Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet sound of music."*

Perhaps, acting on that suggestion, a former Duke of Portland, who kept a number of very fine horses, had a music gallery constructed in the great stable and engaged musicians to give a concert once a week for the delectation of his horses, as he found they were delighted and cheered by sweet sounds. Persons who have noticed the effect of music on

horses in cavalry regiments will not regard the foregoing as over-refinement.

Horses recognize musical forms as well as rhythms. If the circus horse is used to turning and bowing at a chord signal, he'll slip into that routine whenever he hears the chord — even though it may be in a new piece and has no signal value at all.

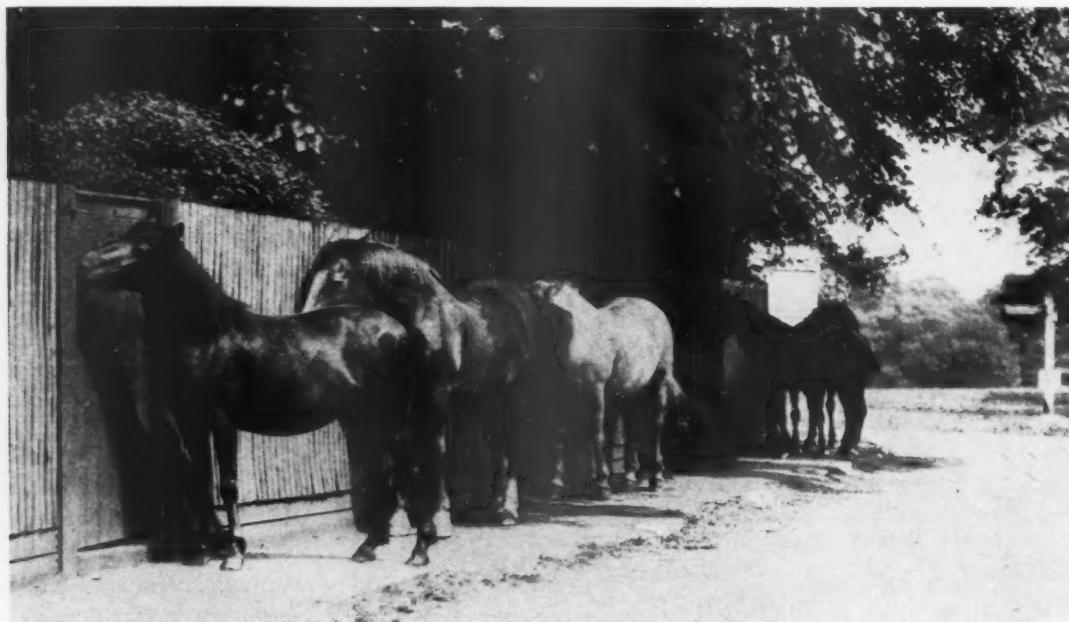
Horses, once they have become accustomed to it, delight to march to the strains of a military band, though any harsh or sudden sound, as the beating of drums, or violent trumpeting, they hate. Those who have witnessed musical rides will remember the pride the horses seem to take as they go through the intricate drill to the tune of "Bonnie Dundee." The graceful stepping of the circus horse in the ring to the accompaniment of music, is another example. Horses, especially thoroughbreds, are so sensitive and highly strung that any strong emotion whether of pleasure or distress, can easily upset their whole calibre.

To give an instance of how a horse can be affected by music, take the case of "Double Chance," who once won the

Grand National. He was booked to run in a certain race at Cheltenham, and was confidently expected to win. However, on the morning of the race he was found in such a highly nervous condition that the trainer decided it was unwise to run him. It appeared that someone had been singing and playing a banjo outside the horse's box on the eve of the race, and to this was attributed the animal's indisposition.

At the Royal Winter Fair, held in Toronto, Canada, bagpipes have been used to quiet the nerves of the horses in their stalls at the end of the day. Scottish stablemen claim that the pipes will tame the wildest horse in creation and that it is true that the pipes put the horses to sleep.

The results of some observations established the fact that disconnected tones on stringed instruments created no effect upon horses beyond causing some of the animals to manifest signs of impatience, but when a melody was played the horses turned toward the players, pricked up their ears, and showed plainly the pleasure they experienced.



Music coming from within the enclosure caused these horses to nose their way to the doorway, seeking entrance.



*Giraffes drink in groups with guards posted.
Note the little birds clinging to some of the giraffes.*

Out of This World

By J. VENEZIALE

UPON seeing his first giraffe one gets the feeling that here is an animal that is certainly out of this world! Early visitors to Africa thought the giraffe was a cross between a camel and a leopard. His blood pressure is more than thirteen times as high as man's . . . to get blood pumped up the incredibly long neck. Its Latin name . . . *Camelopardalis* indicates the camel-leopard theory. The female giraffe is called a cow and the male giraffe is called a bull. The bull giraffe is bigger than his partner and an average sized man can easily stand between his fore legs. Being the tallest animal in existence the giraffe stands between sixteen and eighteen feet high.

Giraffes live in the open bush country, often dry localities, where acacias, upon the foliage of which they principally feed, are to be found. Zebras, ostriches, and antelopes are the friends and playmates of giraffes, who also travel in herds.

The giraffe looks like the most ungainly, helpless creature nature ever saw fit to put into existence. Yet, he has such a powerful reputation for being able to defend himself very well, that he has only two enemies: man and the lion. The

"king" thinks twice before attacking him. Even a pair of lions have but a slim chance in trying to get the better of Mr. Giraffe.

The eyes of a giraffe project far from the skull and enable him so see what is behind him without a turning of the head. His primary defense weapon is his hoofs which he wields with great accuracy. They measure a good twelve inches in length, and with four thousand pounds of bull giraffe behind them, they leave quite a devastating mark. Another weapon at the giraffe's command is his head. Although the horns are blunt and padded, the head can be used as an excellent battering ram. At the end of a six foot neck, it delivers a powerful punch. Though the giraffe has an ungainly gallop his great speed is a means of getting away from the danger of man. So widely feared are the giraffe's defense powers, that although their offspring, whose period of gestation is fourteen months, are the most defenseless young in the jungle, very few are lost to beasts of prey.

Actually, the lion's only chance of making a successful attack is to catch the giraffe

by surprise while he is in his awkward drinking position. This, however, could mean a long wait between meals for the lion because the giraffe gets enough moisture from the leaves and shoots of the acacia trees to sustain him for a month between drinks.

Our long and lanky friends have normal vocal chords but so rarely do they "talk" that many people think they are voiceless. However, this is not the case, when heard, the cow call sounds like the bleating of a sheep.

There are many theories as to the existence of the long neck of the giraffe. Some say environment; as vegetation became sparse the giraffe had to stretch his neck farther and farther for his food. Some say selection: the longer necked giraffe lived longer and fared better than the shorter necked giraffes. And, some combine the two explanations: as the vegetation became sparser the giraffes with longer necks were able to feed more easily and thus maintain their existence.

No matter what the answer may be, the giraffe is still an animal to behold in wonderment.

Cows That Made History

By JASPER B. SINCLAIR

PLACID Bessy is not always the picture of contentment. Once in a while she forsakes her traditional role to earn a place in History.

By all accounts it was a discontented cow that kicked over a lantern in Mrs. O'Leary's barn and started the disastrous Chicago fire on an October morning in 1871. Admittedly, this may be more of a legend than fact, but for all that Mrs. O'Leary's cow is assured a lasting place in this country's annals.

A herd of cows figured in a military stratagem at one time in the long series of wars between the Scots and English. The English held Dunnottar Castle was surprised and captured in the early evening by the Scots creeping up to the castle walls under cover of a slowly grazing herd of cattle. It happened in the early 14th century, very much after the fashion of the Trojan horse tale.

A few years ago a cow named Elsie had the distinction of being viewed by more persons than any other cow. Elsie toured the country in grand style and visited everything from state and county fairs to international expositions. This might not be historic, but more Americans saw Elsie than the Liberty Bell, Plymouth Rock and the rest of our patriotic shrines in the same given period.

In Indiana a belligerent bull made the headlines by refusing to allow volunteer firemen to get close enough to extinguish a blazing barn. As a result, the would be fire-fighters and the owner watched helplessly while the barn burned to the ground.

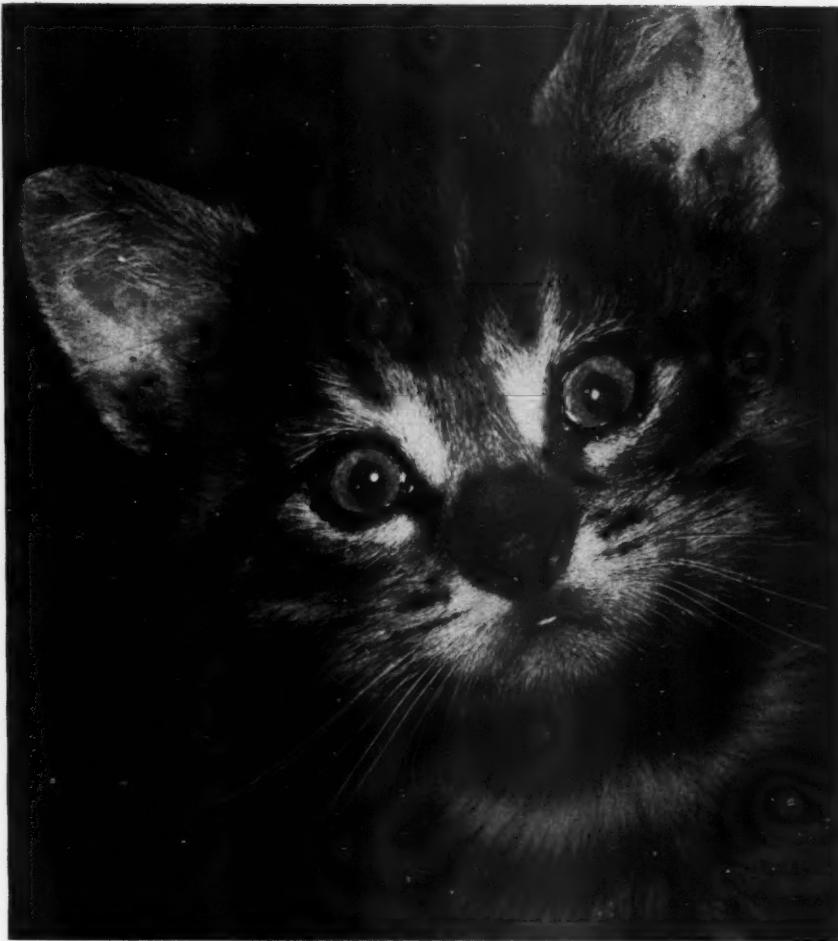
Cows have even added a few place names to the land, all the way from Cow Creek in Kansas to the Cowpasture River in Virginia. The town of Maverick in Texas is a reminder of western talk for an unbranded motherless calf. The days when the mavericks grazed the unfenced pasture lands are long past, but the town of Maverick still stands as a symbol of the pioneering past—and western cattle trails that have become the paved motor routes of today.



A lazy day of contentment when the cows become sun baskers.



Cow . . . Pussy Cat . . . Billy-Goat . . .



More Cat Tales

By

RUBY ZAGOREN

**Some cats like
mice; others
like music; still
others mimic dogs;
and some are
just plain
neighborly**

WHEN Mrs. Alice Curtis of Plainville, Conn., discovered that a mouse had set up a housekeeping unit of its own in her kitchen, she thought her cat "Tiny" would soon take care of that. Tiny did, but not in the way Mrs. Curtis expected.

Mrs. Curtis placed a dish of milk for Tiny near the sink on her kitchen floor. Tiny was busy lapping up the white fluid when the mouse edged toward the saucer. Mrs. Curtis, watching, thought "Aha!" but her triumphant thoughts vanished as she saw her cat Tiny back a little away from the dish and let the mouse drink its fill in peace. The next day when a neighbor was visiting, Mrs. Curtis again gave Tiny a dish of milk; the mouse reappeared and the cat allowed him to drink. Since this has happened many times, Mrs. Curtis is wondering whether her cat Tiny has the right attitude towards mouse-dom, or whether she, Mrs. Curtis, should change her own attitude.

Mrs. Peggy Gates Junek of Haddam,

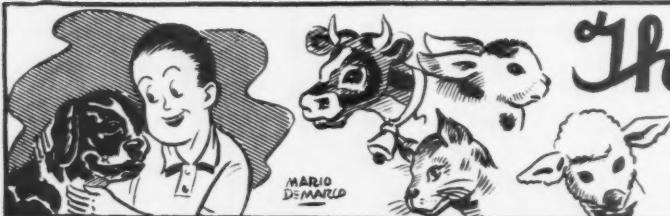
Conn., is an artist, so it is probably little wonder that she has an artistic cat. "Griselda" is her name. And Griselda responds to Peggy, coming from any distance, when Peggy whistles Bach's music. Some visitors dropped in on Peggy and Griselda a while ago. During the visit Peggy whistled some Bach; the cat began to wave its tail in rhythm to the music; she became affectionate, leaped into Peggy's lap and became almost ecstatic from the music. Griselda is unusual, to be sure, but isn't it lucky she has a home with someone who knows Bach and can whistle it? Otherwise this cat's love of music might have gone unfulfilled forever.

In Cheektowaga, New York, there is an inky black cat by the name of "John G. Ashcan" who lives on a dog's diet by his own choice. His owner, John G. Reichel, says that Ashcan gnaws bones, refuses milk and will not drink water from a pan on the floor. He only wants his water from the goldfish bowl. Besides this,

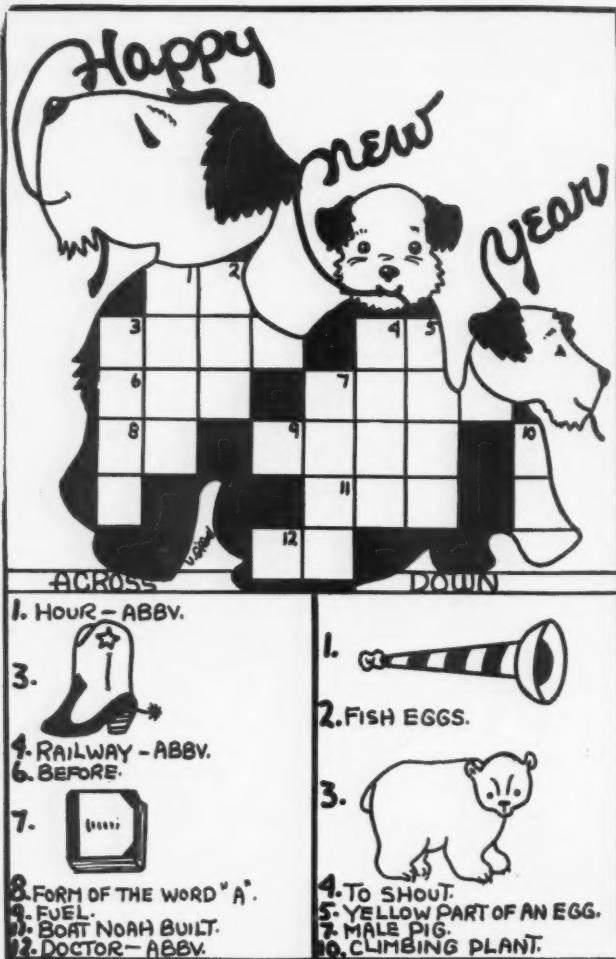
Ashcan burps like a baby after he eats. He likes to be held over his owner's shoulder and be patted gently on the back.

Why look far afield for cat tales? One day a magazine salesman called on me. As we were discussing the pros and cons of his magazine, "Kippin," my black cat, leaped to his shoulder and started to nibble his ear, gently, of course. Then, little "Willie Woodchuck," our part Angora kitten, leaped high on his subscription pad and began scratching out the names of his subscribers as fast as he could. The salesman who assured us he likes cats, immediately curbed Willie Woodchuck's clawing. Kippin, however, is gaining a nickname of Leaping Lena for herself, since she leaps upon the shoulders of all of our unsuspecting visitors, and either rubs her cheek against theirs, bites their ears, or scratches their heads.

Cats are cats, and wherever there is a cat, there's bound to be a tale.



The YOUNG



Answers to crossword puzzle will appear in the February issue of **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**.

Have you an interesting story about your pet, one that you think other boys and girls would like to read? If so, we should be glad to have you send it in. If you have a good clear picture of yourself and pet send that too. The story should be short, and, of course, your own composition. Give your age and have your mother or teacher certify that the story is original with you.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

ATTENTION TEACHERS & STUDENT TEACHERS!
Exchange educational-humane ideas with men and women in India and Africa.

Write: **ANIMALS** — 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts. Att: Mr. Governor.

Bird feeding is a winter must!



Siamese Queen

By Beverly Bistline (age 10)

RAGGEDY Ann and Lady Siam are pictured here, sitting with their straw hats. Lady loves to eat cheese and mushrooms. She is two years old and queen of the household.



Birthday Ritual

By Geoffrey H. Shanklin (age 7)

I AM 7 and Myrtle is 8. She is white with one blue eye and one green eye. Every year on my birthday we have our picture taken together. This picture was taken on my third birthday.

Make a New Year's resolution to be kind to animals throughout the year 1961!

READER'S Pages



ADVENTURES OF CHUM
BY
EDNA MARKHAM.

SHOULD HAVE
WORN MY
SWEATER.

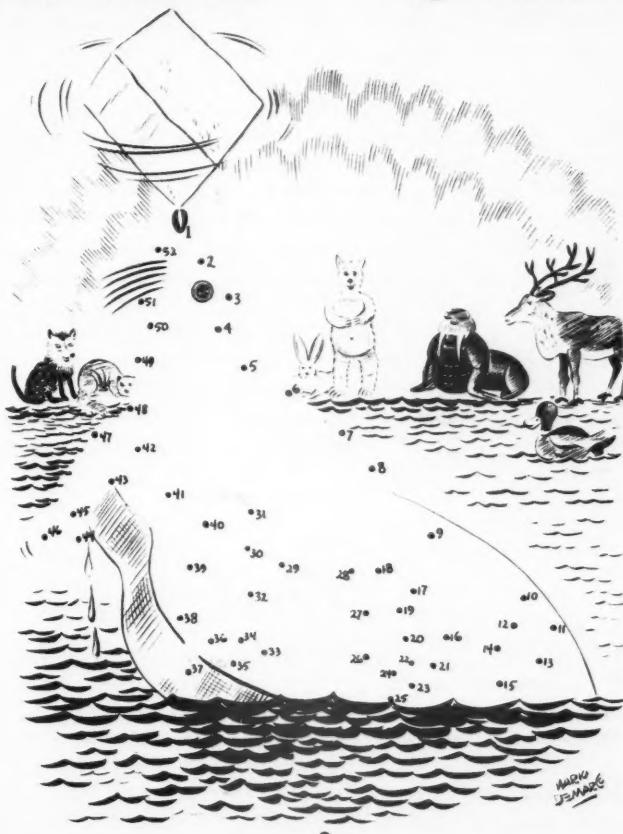


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DO-IT-AND-COLOR

By M. Demarco



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Humane Slaughter Report

JOHN MACFARLANE, DIR. OF LIVESTOCK CONSERVATION

JUST about everybody in animal protective work here and abroad knows by this time that a Federal Humane Slaughter Act was signed into law by President Eisenhower in 1958 and that it became effective on July 1, 1960.

There is still, however, some confusion concerning the scope of the Federal law's effectiveness. Some humane societies personnel and a large percentage of the interested general public believe the Federal law is all inclusive and that all animals slaughtered will hereafter be killed in a humane manner. This is, of course, not true. There are less than 600 slaughterhouses in the United States under Federal inspection that are obliged to obey the Federal law. While these plants number less than 600, they handle approximately 80% of our country's total livestock slaughter.

The other 20%, killing about 30 million animals, are made up of smaller plants. There are thousands of these small slaughterhouses and every state has a number of them. These plants are not obliged to pay any attention to the Federal Humane Slaughter Law, nor will they make any attempt (in most cases) to change their present killing methods—methods which are in most cases brutally inhumane.

The killing of animals is never a pleasant sight, even under the most ideal conditions. When livestock are killed under obviously brutal conditions, as is still the case in all states other than those listed: California, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Hampshire, Washington, and Wisconsin, a general public inspection of these killing methods might well cause the sale of meat locally to drop considerably, and a thorough and complete public knowledge of

what goes on behind the slaughterhouse walls might well result in many small plants to close permanently.

I have heard it said many times that certain slaughterhouses would make absolutely no effort to change from present barbaric practices to humane methods until the law compels them to do so.

Complacency and indifference on the part of the citizens of the states I have not listed will result in no change in the status quo. A reasonable effort on the part of these good people to make their views known to their legislators, will cause humane slaughter laws to be enacted nationwide.

Only when all states outlaw the barbarisms inherent in livestock slaughtering will we in fact, join hands with the many other nations that recognized killing floor inadequacies many long years ago.

Pen Pals Unlimited

THE Animals Junior International Correspondence Club has just celebrated its 1st birthday and like all growing things is taking on a different look. The sole purpose of the club is still to promote understanding and the humane treatment of animals throughout the world. However, the club is no longer limited to readers or subscribers, any child between the ages of eight to eighteen can become a member. We even have older young men and women writing to us for pen pals. The membership fee of 50c is now an optional and a member need not pay it if it would bring financial difficulty to the member of the pen-pal club or his family.

I would like to emphasize a fact that many of our pen pals may have missed and that is that in order to remain a member in good standing they must write to their pen pal at least once a year. Also, they must submit to this office a letter they have received from their pen pal and a copy of their answer. The particular pen pal letter and answer submitted should be primarily about animals. March 1, 1961 will be the deadline for sending in these let-

ters. All letters submitted will be judged during the month of March. An award will then be announced in the pages of *OUR DUMB ANIMALS* for the best set of letters received.

In the past year pen pals have asked if every letter must be about animals. The answer I have been giving is: not necessarily. One may write about anything, but as often as possible the subject of animals should be brought up and written about. Please write directly to your pen pal; you need not send your letter to this office first. The only letter you need send to this office is the best letter about animals you have received from your pen pal overseas and your copy of the answer you sent him. This is to be done only once a year in order to maintain membership.

Our membership has now topped the thousandth mark and we have representatives (club members) in almost every state in the United States, in practically all of the European countries, and in many Asian and African countries as well. Our plans for the future involve the setting up

of discussion and writing groups in centrally located areas throughout the world. Group leaders, in some instances being young adults, or elected by their peers, will write to other group leaders around the globe. For example, a group of pen pals centered around Lampasas, Texas combine their animal experiences and knowledge and draw up a list of subjects worth writing about. Once the subject is chosen the group leader or one chosen by consent of the members can sit down and write his letter to a group leader in Eldagsen, Hanover, Germany, who in turn will read this letter to his group and they could then discuss the letter and perhaps offer suggestions and advice to a problem that might be posed in the letter from the U.S. This type of pen-palship would not do away with the individual letter writing among either group, since many would have pen pals in other parts of the world other than just the groups they happened to be writing to. This is one of our long range plans of which the corresponding secretary hopes to advise his membership in a newsletter in the near future.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

Don't Miss Out

Our brand new 1960 Bound Volume of **OUR DUMB ANIMALS** will be ready for mailing soon. The price for this handsome volume, bound in Forest Green imitation leather and stamped with gold, is now only \$3.00.

Please send check or money order to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Better do it soon; we were sold out early last year!

The Post Office Department has asked us to cooperate in helping to achieve the most efficient method of delivering your magazines. We have pledged our support. To this end we must include the zone number for each subscriber's address in cities that have zones. PLEASE, whenever writing to us, include your city postal zone number in your address—and when you move, please send your old address as well as your new one, with zones, if any.

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To become a veterinarian, a minimum of six years' education is required. Sometimes, students who are most anxious to serve their internships with us do not apply because they are unable to cope with the financial burden of this additional study time. Some of the men selected are married and have children, and can intern only at considerable hardship to themselves and to their families.

We hope that our good friends and members will wish to help out these young veterinarians by contributing a scholarship, the cost of which is \$3,000. This amount may be given in a lump sum or be spread over a period of time. Furthermore, anyone wishing to donate a partial scholarship may do so.

We cannot emphasize strongly enough that only through the continuance of this very important program can we hope to impart to these new veterinarians our wealth of knowledge which will contribute to improved care and treatment of our animal friends. As a result of these internships scientific studies and writings are made available for the benefit of animals everywhere—not only in this country but throughout the entire world.

Such gifts, which are deductible under existing Internal Revenue rulings, may be sent to the Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts.

